UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THE MAKING OF AN ARMY

Men are not born to the fighting; men are not bred to the sword;
Only for God and their country have men to the battle-front poured.
Not in the clanging of armor; not in the lilt of the drum,
But in the call of their country do men hear the terrible "Come!"
Then rise the men of a nation, men of a purpose and will—
Then do they rise with a light in their eyes, but not as men go to the kill.

Men are not led with a halter, like to a reasonless beast;
Men are not lured by a bauble to add to the carrion feast;
Only when home and their country speak in the thunder of God
Men walk, with faces illumined, the paths that their fathers have trod.
Then, in the shrill of the bullet; then, in the war trumpet's song,
In the pipe of the fife leap the soldiers to life—ready and gallant and strong.

Let but an enemy's cannon threaten the strength of our walls;
Let but the hand of a traitor scatter disgrace in our halls—
Then will the glamour of bugles over the nation be dinned,
Then will the banners of battle snap in the hiss of the wind,
Then will the hearth be deserted, then will the marts all grow bare—
For the call will have pealed through the town and the field, and the men that are wanted are there!

Men are not born to the fighting! Tell it again and again.
Men who go down to the killing—pawns they may be, but not men.
Only when God and the country sound us the long rally roll,
Thrill us with drummings of conscience—comes then the blazing of soul!
Comes then the knowledge of duty; come all the purposes high—
Then come the men from the hill and the glen to put on their armor and die!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

With the advent of June the rational student of child welfare turns anxiously towards the Fourth of July. The *Survey* tells of a moving picture show that is to enforce the "Sane Fourth Movement." Surely it is needed, but the remedy will not be found in mild suggestions. There must be a drastic suppression of fire-arms, a legal as well as a moral condemnation of gunpowder, the turning from the inspirations of the military to the quieter but more lasting gratifications of thought, civic enthusiasm and the pride based in national integrity.

The recent installation of the Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany as pastor of the Church of the Disciples in Boston was an event of more than local interest. Mr. Rihbany is a "Child of the East," he represents Oriental vision steadied by Occidental culture. As he enters into the labors of James Freeman Clarke and Charles G. Ames, he inherits the pastorate that once rejoiced in Samuel G. Howe and his gifted wife, Julia Ward Howe, Governor John A. Andrews and many such parishioners. The Church of the Disciples began as a democratic protest against the cool and refined exclusiveness of Boston Unitarianism. James Freeman Clarke wanted the people and so he built an open church with free pews, but he also wanted truth and freedom and so he exchanged with Theodore Parker, thereby losing the richer portion of his people, who withdrew to organize a church that would be immune to the approach of heresy. It is into such traditions as these that this Americanized Armenian enters upon a ministry that is enmeshed in problems as disturbing and acute as those which his predecessors faced. We congratulate the church and the people.

The Child Welfare Exhibit has come and gone. It was a most notable event. Never since the Worlds' Fair has the entire community been so aroused with a common interest. During the ten days of exhibit the Coliseum was crowded, oftentimes it was a jam, and all the time it was a happy, earnest, public-spirited throng. Classes, races and creeds were forgotten. The Lake Shore Drive hobnobbed with Halsted Street, the avenues and the alleys touched elbows right heartily. The sober work of the event was for the time being apparently over-laid by the entertaining features. Of course the chief contributors to this entertainment were the children of the public schools, who came in organized throngs, in gala-day dress and on their best behavior, making an impressive exhibit of "team-work." The rich who patronize private schools must have looked on with sad regrets concerning their own unfortunate children who are deprived of the jolly comradeship, the inspiring co-operation and the cultural values of the wider fellowship which the children of the public schools so conspicuously enjoyed and profited by.

The women of the Pacific Coast under the lead of the ever-youthful Madame Caroline M. Severance, "the Mother of Clubs," have started an ambitious but

altogether commendable movement for the erection of a colossal statue of Peace to be mounted at the entrance of the Panama Canal, and they have gone so far as to suggest a most attractive model drawn by Mrs. Frances G. Bartnett, a sculptor of San Francisco. It is a noble woman figure in sitting posture, flanked by peace doves and torches of truth, with the Biblical lion and lamb resting at her feet, the olive branch and other emblems. The figure is that of an attractive American woman, typifying the best in our civilization and who, like the "Christ of the Andes," properly conceived and nobly installed would send her message of love and her radiant smile of fellowship around the world. But a fortified Canal bristling with cannon would be an anti-climax, an indignity to art and religion so palpable that the noble suggestion had better go by unobserved. The women of America have a harder task to perform on their hands than the erecting of a Peace statue at Panama. They must first humanize our government and pluck from their own hearts the false glamour that rejoices in the glitter of war and the pomp and parade that breed jealousy, rivalry and enmity.

The Children of Chicago

The Exhibit is closed. There still remains the well-earned responsibility on the part of the management to put as much of this exhibit as possible into book form, that those who were not able to see it may catch something of the inspiration and that those who did see it may have time to study deliberately the significance of the same.

One more responsibility has been thrust upon the management, and that is to do what lies within their power to induce other cities to go and do likewise, using much of the graphic and portable exhibit prepared in New York and Chicago as the basis for more local studies.

It is to be hoped that the exhibit, the most impressive part of which was the children themselves, has left a lively sense of responsibility in the minds and hearts of the citizens of Chicago. The local papers announce that thirty-eight playgrounds are now ready, and eight million visits by men, women and children are expected during this coming summer season. Three million visitors are reported as having been guests of the sixteen recreation places under the special direction of the Park Commission last year on the North Side. This year seventeen playgrounds will be handled by the special Commission, five by the Lincoln Park Board, five by the West Park Board, and eleven by the South Park Board. These technical divisions indicate the perplexities and the ultimate weakness of our scheme. We need a unification here as we do in our street-car systems, in order to reach the highest efficiency.

Past experience shows that these attractive public playgrounds draw their constituency from a comparatively narrow zone. The circle of a few blocks represents, for the most, those who are effectively helped by them. It goes without saying that these thirty-eight playgrounds in this city of two and a half million people make less than a drop in the bucket. Much more will be done in the way of equipping special playgrounds, but it is impossible to meet the demands of the children of all the city in this way.

A happy suggestion has come from somewhere and ought to be put immediately into effect. There are thousands of acres in the city of Chicago dedicated as public highways. Many of these city streets are comparatively little used. Oftentimes stub-ends of side streets and unutilized alleys have been withdrawn from public use and dedicated to private commercial uses by means more or less open. Why should not the street systems of Chicago be carefully studied with a view of setting apart, during the summer season at least, certain sections of them for the children's uses? Even where the whole street cannot be used, the economic wisdom that would narrow the paved center of the street to twenty-eight feet or less, leaves fifty-two feet in an eighty-foot street open for other purposes. If six feet on either side be set apart for sidewalks for foot passengers, there would still be left a strip twenty feet wide on either side the street which might be dedicated to the children, with here and there some simple apparatus, sand piles, teeter-boards, swings, etc., etc. Perhaps experience would prove that this playground would be enhanced in value if protected on either side by a low woven wire fencing or iron rail; in any case this plaisance, growing attractive with shade trees, would make streets thus treated very homelike and would give an outlet to childish energies and provide outdoor play places for everything except ball games, which would have to be otherwise provided for. Let the children's rights to the streets be studied and then enforced.

Mr. Roosevelt at His Worst

Mr. Roosevelt has seldom said a wrong thing at a wrong time more lamentably than in his recent article on the arbitration treaty with Great Britain. In the hour when President Taft's proposal of this unlimited treaty is being hailed with the profoundest gratitude and exultation by the people of both the United States and Great Britain and acclaimed by the thought and conscience of the whole world, his predecessor in the presidency comes forward to damn it with faint praise, to intimate that if there were any

real dangers of the kind it is meant to guard against its negotiation would be questionable, and to impugn the central principle of Mr. Taft's great effort.

Mr. Taft's demand, which has so stirred the world and which he is now embodying in treaties with both Great Britain and France, is for a positive agreement between these nations and ourselves to refer to an arbitral court "every issue which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory or money." Mr. Roosevelt declares that we should never bind ourselves to arbitrate questions respecting our honor, that the actual arbitration of such questions would be "cowardice" and the pretense that we would do it is "hypocrisy." If we actually should agree to arbitrate everything, the majority of our people, he says, would rightly repudiate the agreement if ever a real issue of honor arose. Either it should be tacitly understood, he adds, that such arbitration would not really be permitted or else it should be made explicit that we agree to such arbitration only with the understanding that issues of honor can never arise between us and the nations with which we make these treaties. In a word, translating Mr. Roosevelt's comment into plain speech, President Taft's proposal either is or ought to be insincere or it is superfluous.

With "honor" Mr. Roosevelt couples "integrity." Why "integrity" is lugged in he perhaps knows, but to most people it will appear only as a means of throwing dust and invoking spooks. Mr. Taft has surely never suggested or implied arbitrating national existence or integrity; and to all men conversant with arbitration it should go without saying that this presupposes the integrity of the arbitrating powers. Arbitration of the authority or right to arbitrate would be self-contradiction.

But accuracy is not Mr. Roosevelt's forte. By way of fostering strictures upon Mexico and assuming a kind of magnanimity on our part for not intervening there, he talks of the "repeated military invasion of our territory" by the Mexican troops. Of course nothing whatever has happened that can truthfully be so described. Of the culpable and unhappy things which actually have happened, Mr. Roosevelt says that it would be "absolutely intolerable" for us to bind ourselves to arbitrate the questions raised by them,—which foolish observation simply makes us thankful that not he but Mr. Taft is in the White House today, and that not he but General Grant was there during the more serious issue over the Alabama case. Mr. Roosevelt says that if English or other forces had done to us anything akin to what the Mexicans have done, we would immediately demand "atonement or war." As a matter of fact, if civil war broke out among our British brethren in Canada, and some battle on the border were accompanied by tragedies on this side like those opposite Prieta and Juarez, the Tafts of the time of such a contingency would still retain their reason, while the shriekers for "atonement or war" shrieked on. As matter of fact also, if, in the time of our own civil war, England, when sympathy with the rebellion was in saddle there and even Gladstone declared that Jefferson Davis had "created a nation," had massed an army on our frontier to "keep tab" on us, we should have had vastly greater ground for umbrage than the Mexicans, with similar ground, have given us by the tragical accidents at Douglas and El Paso. This is no criticism upon proper policing of our frontier and proper enforcement of neutrality laws.

Few things are more pestiferous in any nation than the business of advertising the motes in the eyes of neighbor nations and the blinding of one's own people to the beams in their eyes. If there be one thing more miserable, it is the pious and empty praise after dinner and in religious newspapers of virtues which, when the chance to practice them comes to ourselves, we always manage to dodge. Two or three years ago the nations of northern Europe, all the nations bordering on the North and Baltic seas, agreed by treaty that in case of war between any two of them no taking of territory by one from another should be allowed as a result. Congressman Slayden of Texas has just proposed a similar joint agreement by all the nations of North and South America. Nothing could be more reassuring in a situation like the present Mexican one. Such an agreement ought to have been made long ago; we ought to have set the example instead of following it. If we do not follow where we praise, it will be because of the "tacit understanding" in certain quarters that it may be profitable for us not to bind ourselves. Has not Columbia just shamed us by official comment upon the recent amazing confession, the boasting indeed, of the irregularities in our procedure in connection with Panama chicanery?

Now the plain people of America and of England take no stock in Mr. Roosevelt's esoteric or exoteric doctrines. They sincerely trust that none of the grave issues presented ever will arise between them, as they sincerely trust that no hostile feeling will ever again arise. But they do not forget the very hot feeling which flamed up through our whole jingo class no longer ago than December, 1895; and they know that there is no possible issue of "honor" which even Mr. Roosevelt's brain could conjure up which would not be settled vastly more honorably by impartial judges than by competitive explosives. As a matter of fact, these "questions of honor" about which men of Mr. Roosevelt's type wax grandiloquent, are for the most part the veriest bogies, as ridiculous in today's serious international arguments as that poor hypothetical Rooseveltian wife who "has her face slapped."

We all know well that the Alabama case, whose reference to arbitration by England and America meant not "cowardice," but character, involved almost every possible point of honor and vital interest, touching the gravest damages done us in the most critical hour of national peril, when our very life was at stake. That heavy damages should be assessed on England for the gross wrongs done and permitted, was righteous indeed. Yet Gladstone declared nobly that had the award borne ten times more heavily upon England than it did, it would have been as dust of the balance compared with possible war between these two great nations; and all that is best in the American people rejoices and is proud today that President Taft in making his high demand and pledge has taken the bravest and most advanced position ever taken by the responsible head of a great nation.

The American plain people, whom Lincoln trusted and who trusted him, scorn the insinuation that their president ought to make it "tacitly understood" that he does not mean what he says, or that his treaty contemplates fictitious and not real dangers. Their exultation and enthusiasm are because he does precisely and solemnly mean what he says, and they mean it. They have such confidence in their purposes, they desire to be bound by such standards, that they are ready to confront in every possible case of theirs the grand jury of the nations. They are sure that their president is willing, in the frankest freedom and good faith, to offer the same unlimited treaty to Japan or to Germany which he offers to England and France. They have no fear of the world's learned and impartial judges, and are sick of the humbug of longer pretense that arbitrament by the "biggest battalion" is juster and more gentlemanly that arbitrament by the world's supereme tribunal. A century ago a man who would not settle his personal "questions of honor" with his own sword was counted no gentleman. Today we count him no gentleman if he will do it; and civilization is catching up with nations as with men.

President Taft has done more by his brave proposal and his magnificent Christian confidence in the good purposes of men to lift the republic to true leadership and make her a "world power" indeed than has been done by any other American in this generation. He has identified himself with the great new day that is dawning; while the apologists for the mournful old order of which the world is weary, nervous lest the awakening of better hopes menace their big navy programs, are survivals of an era that, however long in dying, is doomed and passing away.

Mr. Roosevelt's final word in minimizing the significance of Mr. Taft's epoch-making treaty is that it "would have no effect whatever upon the armaments." Perhaps not tomorrow, nor the next day; but the inevitable logic of the commanding movement of our time to create adequate legal machinery for the settlement of international disputes is that the hoary old machinery for their settlement by fighting must gradually yield. We do not need to be warned not to esteem too highly President Taft's contribution to this great end; we need rather to open our eyes to its immense significance, and to range ourselves resolutely by his side in the critical hour when faith and reinforcement count.

WESTERNER

My fathers sleep o'er the sunrise plains
  And each one sleeps alone;
Their trails may dim to the grass and rains
  For I choose to make my own.
I lay proud claim to the blood and name
  But I lean on no dead kin:
My name is mine for the praise or scorn,
And the world began when I was born,
  And the world is mine to win!

They built high towns on their old log sills,
  Where the great, slow rivers gleamed,
But with new, live rock from the savage hills,
  I'll build as they only dreamed.
The fire scarce dies where the trail-camp lies
  Till the rails glint down the pass;
The desert springs into fruit and wheat
And I lay the stones of a solid street
  Over yesterday's untrod grass.

I waste no thought on my neighbor's birth
  Or the way he makes his prayer;
I grant him a white man's room on earth
  If his game is only square.
While he plays it straight I'll call him mate,
  If he cheats I drop him flat.
All rank but this is a worn-out lie,
For all clean men are as good as I,
  And a king is only that.

I dream no dreams of a nursemaid State,
  That will spoon me out my food.
A stout heart sings in the fray with fate
  And the shock and sweat are good.
From noon to noon all the earthly boon
  That I ask my God to spare
Is a little daily bread in store,
With the room to fight the strong for more,
  And the weak shall get their share.

The sunrise plains are a tender haze,
  And the sunset seas are gray,
But I stand here where the bright skies blaze
  Over me and the big Today.
What use to me is the vague "may be,"
  Or the mournful "might have been?"
For the sun wheels swift from morn to morn
And the world began when I was born,
  And the world is mine to win!

—*Charles Badger Clark, Jr.*

The world in which we live is an unfinished world. It is not wise, it is not happy, it is not pure, it is not good—it is not even sanitary. Humanity is little more than raw material. Almost everything has yet to be done to it. Before the days of geology, people thought the earth was finished. Before the spectroscope, men thought the universe was finished. We know now it is just beginning. The work of creation is going on. And the teeming universe of Men, also, has almost all its beauty yet to make.

THE PULPIT

The Cause of the Central Howard Association

PRESENTED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 7, 1911, BY W. M. R. FRENCH AND F. EMORY LYON

Mr. French, President:—We are pleased to put before you in brief the objects and needs of the Central Howard Association. Dr. Lyon is the executive officer, superintendent and secretary, and, as you know, the president of such an organization is rather a figure-head. I can therefore chiefly testify that the institution is well managed and worthy of your confidence.

I will give in outline what Mr. Lyon will fill in in detail. The Howard Association is named, of course, after the great English prison reformer of the last century, whose statue stands in St. Paul's. I remember seeing the statue more than twenty-five years ago and was impressed with the last sentence of it. It read somewhat to the effect that he followed an open but unfrequented path of greatness. It is this path that the Central Howard Association desires to pursue. The objects of this association are primarily to extend first help to the prisoner when he is released—to keep him for the first few days and, if possible, to find him a job, permanent employment, and to promote legislation. In several states laws are under consideration that will give prisoners wages, part to be saved for the prisoner at the expiration of his term, and part to be applied to the support of his family. Many of these measures are our object.

The simple method followed is to maintain an office in the Rand McNally building, where our superintendent or his assistants are always present; to write to all men about to be discharged from penal institutions, not only in Illinois but several other neighboring states, inviting them to come at once to our office, where they will be assisted. At the same time much good is done by correspondence with those in prison. There are arrangements for men to take correspondence courses, commercial courses in arts and industries, and then our superintendent goes up and down all over this western country advocating these measures. These things which do not appeal so much to our sympathies are perhaps more important than those which attract us. Little need be said about the needs of the discharged prisoner. Every wise person sees what a predicament a discharged convict is in, out of all relation to the world, unwilling to return to his family and friends, unable to get a job and even if he does get work we find many pitiful cases of men being turned out when it is known that they are ex-prisoners. The practice is to let people know the facts. A few days ago I was in the office when there was expected from Wisconsin a man who had been sixteen years in State's Prison on a life sentence and evidence had come to light which led to the belief that he was innocent. Imagine a man with a suit of clothes and two or three dollars turned out into the world. Today I asked our superintendent what became of that man and he said he had found him employment with a firm for which he had worked under the contract system.

Of course, Mr. Lyon can give instances which will give real character to an address. I am speaking more in the abstract. As regards the success met with, you inquire if it is possible to prevent a man from returning to evil ways. Now ex-prisoners, as a class, are not a very attractive sort of people. Nevertheless, there is this much to be said. The man usually comes out with the belief that getting into prison was a bad job and he has formed at least a weak resolution to make different connections in the future. And there is a chance, if he has someone to help him get started. There is nothing more foolish than our treatment of prisoners. Many saloons can be counted just outside the doors of the Penitentiary. We turn men out into the arms of the saloon. This society gives him a chance to avoid the saloon if he will.

You will find by the report for the last year that there were a little over a thousand men assisted with employment, a full regiment on the march; as many men as that in a single year, and I believe there are more this year. These men have been assisted at an expense to the society of about $8,000, that is, if you throw the whole expense on that part of the organization, something less than $8 apiece to take care of these men. Perhaps some of you can take care of one or two men. The correspondence classes cost, I believe, about $20 a full course. I will not make very much of an appeal to you, but our appeal is based on humanitarian principles and on the interests of the community. Think what a saving it is to have these men reclaimed promptly. Of course, there are cases of ingratitude, but they are not frequent. I say this in the name of him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I will close in the words of the old Scotch minister: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If you like the security give us the money."

Dr. Lyon:—The Good Book gives us the twofold command that we love God and that we love our neighbors as ourselves. That command has an implied obligation that we believe in man and believe that man is made in God's image. It is more difficult to believe in man as we find him than it is to believe in our more or less abstract idea of God, and it is a still more difficult task to make the man believe in himself, especially in the case of men who have largely lost faith in their fellows and confidence in their own ability to make good. Men who have come out of prison to face the world with a better purpose have found it well-nigh impossible to carry out that purpose. In the United States there are something like 100,000 criminals. It is fair to say that 50,000 of these are not criminals in the ordinary sense,—many of them are accidental offenders, young men who come out of prison resolved to use their time to advantage. But often the efforts of ten years are counteracted in ten days by evil associations, and the man drifts into crime again. Our object is to extend to these men the friendly hand, to speak the kindly word, to secure him employment, tools and clothes, pay his board for the first week and tide him over this critical time. It is worth while from the economic standpoint to discover the best purpose and foster it until it shall become the

dominant purpose in their lives. It costs less to keep a man out of prison than to keep him in, and from the moral standpoint it is surely worth while. And this is why we spend our time in welcoming these men of all sorts and conditions, all the way from those who have accidentally over-stepped the law to those who more deliberately have erred, from the artisan to the college graduate, from seventeen to seventy years of age, men of all stages of development and discouragement. Underneath the surface of these lives we are able to discover the element of manhood on which we can pin, and because of this remainder of manhood, in spite of the fact that these men have yielded to temptation once or twice, they respond to the opportunity, they respond to the chance of getting away from the horror, from the suffering which they have known, and are glad to look out into life with new prospects. Some have learned their lesson in prison, although our prison system is not all that it should be to teach these men the lesson of life. But we expect too much of them. Where society, home, church and school failed to make a young man a good citizen, we expect the prison to do so, to do what all these other institutions have failed to do. The existence of crime is a confession of failure on the part of society in that direction, and it behooves society to make up for this and make good citizens out of criminals yet. It is a marvel what some of these men have accomplished in the prison. Very few of us in the ordinary walks of life could overcome all the obstacles they have to encounter.

Here is a man who has been in prison five years. When he came he could neither read nor write. He studied in the prison books and learned the plumbing trade, and asked us to pay his tuition that he might complete his course, so that when he should get out at the expiration of the nine years he could earn his living and be a good citizen.

One young man was sent to the Wisconsin Penitentiary at the age of twenty. He had lost his mother when a child. He grew up among wild companions, and finally found himself for a year in Waubun prison, and when he went to the Chapel service, he realized that in the Chaplain's address he had received his first good advice. He resolved to make the year in prison his opportunity, and when he came out he had planned out carefully what he was going to do. A few of these men come to us perhaps to get the temporary help, but for the most part they come with a deep set purpose to keep away from the things of the past. They have all sorts of motives, sometimes religious. I think of a man who had committed several crimes before he was apprehended. He was given ten years in the days of solitary confinement, and in that solitary confinement he happened to pick up a book called "The Millennium Dawn." This book appealed to him, entered into his life and purpose and caused him to resolve that he would change the whole course of his life, and at the time of his release he was fairly well fitted to take his place in the world. He is now a worthy citizen, a credit to his new church and to the institution from which he came.

A young man with Quaker training ran away from home, fell into bad ways, and spent several terms in prison, and after the last release from the Texas Penitentiary, he came to us and desired to find out how to make a right start. He was determined to go back home, but he said, "I want to be a man first," and thus it was that home influence had prompted him with a purpose.

There are many workers in this city, among those we placed nine or ten years ago in the first years of the association, who are still working in the same positions. Others are in different positions, but we know where they are. They come to see us and we often hear from them. They are useful as well as good citizens. And so there are hundreds of these men, holding good positions in banking houses, etc., supporting mothers and sisters, being men among men.

I speak of the educational side of the work because it often leads to higher impulses of great value. In all of this work we have been very fully convinced of two or three conclusions, namely: that very few of these men find themselves in the condition they are in solely because of their own depravity. In almost every case we find that it is due to unfavorable environment.

Who is responsible for this man who comes to us at forty-two years old after spending one-half of his life in prison and having scarcely drawn a sober breath out of prison? He is not a repulsive man, but has a gleam of self-respect and manhood. Aside from giving him new shoes and better clothes, what could we do for him, when society had done so much against him? He could not have kept a job long, other than the job of keeping sober, but quite to our surprise he did keep work for some time. We have not seen him for some time; perhaps he is in drink again. We could do little for such a man unless we could have devoted our whole time to him and stood by him through thick and thin.

Another case had cocaine administered when sick, and found himself addicted to the use of the drug.

After these men have paid their debt to society and come forth with a better purpose, then surely it is up to us as citizens to help them make good that purpose. If love will not save them, then nothing will. These men need true sympathetic helpers as man to man. They reform largely in proportion to the character of individual influence over them, and the prison system itself is largely a failure because it is too much of a system.

John Whitman has been largely successful in the administration of an institution of this kind, not only because he has used that personal element of human sympathy in discovering the best and worst in men, but because he utilizes the best elements of the institution to control the worst. And in all of these institutions we shall be successful only in proportion as we teach the whole lesson of life to these men. In county jails, for example, where men are kept waiting trial, each one should be kept by himself and helped. And we are looking to such ends as that. The Adult Probation measure, which is now about to pass, will be a help. Other states have used it successfully for a number of years, and the Central Howard Association has been working for that measure for six or eight years and has at last practically secured it. Last year at a convention England besought America to give more attention to petty offenders. We have given more attention to the more serious offenders and have neglected the petty offenders. The Adult Proba-

tion measure will make it possible for the judges to suspend sentence in the case of non-support, and instead of being sent to the House of Correction again and again, men will be put on probation under supervision of the Probation officer appointed by each court. Thus the principle of the Juvenile League will be extended to the adult offenders as well, and the principle of parole will be carried into effect without sending the man to prison at all.

In such cases it is claimed that something like 80 per cent of these men do well. We need one more Probation officer at once to follow up those who are put on probation until such time as the law is fully working. We need the sympathy of all good people in both the individual work of helping these men and also in the public work of securing preventive legislation. We want individual visitors working on the men in our charge on our parole.

The men come to the office once a month and make report, and we should be very glad to have men from this church who would act as Big Brothers to these men. Come down and pick out one of these men and be a real friend to him, a friend more intimate than we can possibly be. Counsel and advise him as to how to spend his money and his time, and help him recognize the sympathy and confidence which mean so much to all of us. And we need your co-operation in obtaining employment for these men. The president has suggested that it has cost $7.67 on an average for the last ten years to care for one man, and it would be a splendid thing if one of you could feel that you could carry one of them, making a good citizen out of him. Or you might pay the tuition of one of these men who desires to learn a trade by correspondence, or all of you together could provide a probation officer for six months, which is a very essential thing for the coming summer.

And in one of these ways may we not prove to many of these men the great fact which they may have forgotten, that our Father is a God of Love.

KINGDOMS

Kings of a hundred *Dreadnaughts*, ruling the Seven Seas—
Parked artillery, powder and steel—shall ye endure by these
Keeping an armed lordship of earth whereso your sentries stand?
What are Akkad and Assur now? Shards, in the drifting sand.

Kings of a thousand forges, kings of ten thousand men,
Liner and limited, shuttlewise thrown, from port unto seaport again,
Weaving a web of infinite threads, giants of hand and of brain—
Where are the galleys Phœnicia sailed? Ooze, in a desolate main.

Kings of the soul's out-searchings, kings of the far ideal—
Poets, philosophers, prophets—the Christ—lifting men nearer the Real—
Not unto dust as the war lords go, not as the lords of greed,
But rising forever from life to life—kings and Messiahs indeed!

—*Charles Buxton Going.*

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in Union and Liberty.*

From Our Foreign Correspondent

I feel indeed like an explorer, for during the past two weeks I have penetrated into some of the most remote villages in Calabria, and have seen and talked with those who never before had seen an American. One day I spent in a little village of 4,000 inhabitants, which is known as the most ferocious in Calabria, a place where one sees many small crosses by the roadside or scattered irregularly about the country. I asked the reason for this, and was told, on good authority, that each cross marked the spot where someone had been murdered. Now, however, the people are more calm and an offense is usually settled in the courts, as there are more lawyers and the law is not so expensive to obtain as formerly. Subsequently I had an opportunity to attend a trial of a case which in a more advanced community would have been settled out of court. While the judge agreed with me that this showed a step in advance of the personal combat settlement, he told me that there was danger of unscrupulous lawyers taking advantage of the helplessness of the people in furthering their own interests.

We drove slowly through the village, followed by scores of men, women and children. At length we found an official and told him that an American lady wished to see the native surrounding of so many strong men who are now tilling our land and making our railroads. With the word American the countenances of all changed and immediately the scores were increased to hundreds. We asked to be shown some of the work of the hand looms, which we heard everywhere about us. They showed us the cocoons of the silkworm forming in baskets of mulberry leaves, and then showed us the finished product, dyed with the purest of vegetable dyes. Naturally there was some squalor in the homes, but in the main the houses were as clean as the circumstances would permit. We afterward visited the home of a rich baron in the same town and here, too, measured by our standards, we found only a relative amount of comfort and convenience. In some of the homes I found evidences of some member of the family having been in America—but these evidences were only in the shape of an alarm clock or watch of American manufacture and showed no change in the present manner of living or hope for much better for the coming generation. Thus far I have seen nothing to justify the claim made by certain political parties in southern Italy that emigration should be encouraged in order to spread the knowledge of our methods of work and education.

After some days of this sort of exploration, with the opportunity for comparison and deduction which time does not permit me to write of, it was a relief to accept the invitation of the hermit of Mount Stella to visit the old convent at the top of the mount and see the shrine of the virgin, which, he assures me, was placed there by superhuman hands, adding that every year hundreds of the sick are cured by her. They climb up the steep ascent on their knees, and lay their infirmities at her feet. . . . A few mornings after, on Sunday, my host sent word to me at five o'clock not to miss the glorious sunrise over the blue Ionia, and to make myself ready to climb

to the summit of Mount Stella in half an hour. Three of us started off and on the road we were met by the gentle old priest, who carries his seventy-five years like a man of fifty. Hearing that the Signora Americana intended going, he asked the privilege of accompanying us and saying Mass at the accustomed hour. This was especially gracious, for "La Signora Americana" had been obliged to refuse his importunities to act as a godmother to the little son of her host a few days before, because her conscience would not permit her to repeat the creed or make the promises nesessary to accept such a charge. We walked slowly, with Father Concetti telling many legends of the mount, which rose a thousand feet above us, and represented a zig-zag climb of five miles.

Suddenly, from behind a rock, appeared the old bell-ringer of the nearby church and, with the familiarity of all dependents of this house, he demanded to know where we were going. He is the village wag and his perpetual smile and hearty laugh would dispel the gloom of the worst city-bred dyspeptic. He then pulled a flute from his pocket and played for our edification. It was not long before a group of young women and servants of the household joined us, the servants carrying on their heads huge baskets of food. Later on, there came from somewhere among the trees little peasants bearing musical instruments, each one begging to be permitted to accompany us. This was granted, and with a gesture indicating the power which my host possessed, he commanded that no one should go before me, for I was the first American to ascend this mount. By half past ten o'clock we arrived at the ancient monastery, and were met by the old hermit, who had lived there for thirty-five years. It would take an artist to describe him in his coarse brown habit and wooden shoes, and with a severity of expression born of a vigorous life among these grey rocks. We rested until the bell sounded for Mass, when we entered the little chapel of the monastery built 395 years ago! We women were permitted to seat ourselves on the stone seats around the altar, while the men were sent to the loft above. Truly, while one could not subscribe to the letter, or, many times, to the spirit of this service, it would be a callous soul that would not feel the poetry of it and be touched by the dear, gentle old priest, and the devout shepherds who had wandered in and to whom this represented all the poetry or hope in this life, or in the life to come.

An hour spent in this place, where servants and master knelt side by side, refreshed soul and body after the long climb, and we all assembled in the court-yard below and listened to the music of the guitars and mandolins and the singing of the bell-ringer, who could neither read nor write but sank the folk songs handed down for generations. In the meantime the dinner was being prepared, and later was served in the rude dining-hall of the monastery from the huge brick oven in the same room.

I had to rub my eyes to assure myself that I had not been transported back into the middle ages. Our host was a typical baron, loud, genial and commanding,—the priest in his solemn gown looked benignly on us all; the hermit bore in his arms two bottles of precious wine, which he placed before our host and brought to me a cheese wrapped in a spotless napkin. A huge young goat had been cooked whole and was brought to the table with every kind of product in the way of vegetables that the land produces. The hangers-on of our train—and we now numbered twenty-five in all—were told to look at the table and prepare their stomachs for what might remain. We seated ourselves and everybody toasted everyone else, but above all every courtesy was shown "La Signora Americana," who had failed to be intimidated by the tales of brigandage and had honored them by her presence! After dinner we reassembled in the court-yard to listen to the music, when, suddenly in the midst of a song, came the voice of a wandering hermit from a nearby mountain. He came in with long strides and stood in our midst, staff in hand, wild-eyed and ferocious, and demanded to know why such revelry was permitted before the house of God. He denounced us all for such profanation. He was dealt with patiently by our host, the resident hermit, but was hooted at by the shepherds. Our gentle old priest reminded him that he did not know the customs of this hermitage and our host told him to listen to his betters, while an irreverent youth told him to be gone and say his prayers for lost souls. The poor, half-crazed creature took him literally at his word and went to the chapel above and prayed for us all.

Leaving him behind we all prepared to go to the summit of the mountain, the musicians chanting as we climbed. It was, indeed, a strenuous journey, but well worth the effort, for we looked down from a dizzy height upon five villages, and such a combination of hills, valleys and sea I have never before dreamed of. In this contemplation of the magnitude of nature all the smaller things of life seemed of little value. No one wished to speak in the presence of this spectacle and we retraced our steps and came back to the monastery where the hermit awaited us for vesper service. Following him, we descended into the natural grotto down sixty-five flights of steps, with hanging stalactites of all colors forming a natural and beautiful roof. In the remote recess is the miraculous Madonna which, to my profane eyes, lacked the finish in carving that less heavenly hands could produce, but it was of purest white marble and the general effect was impressive. At the foot knelt the padre and the hermit, while the rest of us sat on the steps with the musicians at the top of the stairs, all chanting the vesper service. It was, indeed, a memorable day and we returned in the cool of the evening, contesting the path with the shepherds returning with their sheep. I shall leave this part of the country with sincere regret, but I shall also feel that I have gained something of permanent value among a people who are so little understood when they come to our shores.

JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Calabria, Italy, May 1, 1911.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed, of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The Last Word

This is a little book, the joint work of James and Mary Baldwin, both of them Masters of Philosophy, published by the Broadway Publishing Company, of New York. It is very interesting to find a brother's and sister's name joined together on the title page of a book given to the severest thinking and devoted to pure philosophy, if by that we mean research and thinking quite independent of any of the practicalities or the utilitarian considerations which occupy the floor at the present time. It may be also worthy of further note that these students are Westerners, and are witnesses to the cultural life of the West. Here are two more names to be added to the already imposing list of thinking "Hoosiers." Their home is in Indianapolis.

Of course a philosopher has a right to frame his own terminology, and, if need be, to invent new words. It is only incumbent upon him that he define his terms, and the reader has to accept them. These writers have indulged themselves to the utmost limit in the use of new words and strange combinations. Perhaps this is evidence of the originality of the book, and an indirect witness that "the last word" in philosophy is not yet within the reach of even the intelligent.

We confess that we are not sufficiently sophisticated to be able to grasp the full purport of the first three chapters, entitled, "The Goal of Science," "The Infinity of Mentation," and "The Law of Mentation." But, by close application we are persuaded that the authors themselves knew what they were talking about, and that they have made a case to their own satisfaction concerning "the law of universal, eternal mentation, infinitely mediating between mortal cells, socializing admentation-exmentation," whatever that means. We think it means that the ultimate analysis in the laboratory of physical science resolves all the alleged facts of experience into modes of motion, and with great ingenuity and unquestioned research the authors have applied this law to psychical and social experiences.

The latter part of the book, the five chapters which apply this "ultimate generalization of science," comes more within our comprehension, and "the last word" in matters of religion, government, morality, art and education bristles with comprehensible wisdom, and shows much insight, though we fear that here the authors are more devoted to fitting the experiences of life into their theory than the fitting of their theory to the facts of life. For instance, we are not at all sure that the facts warrant the assumption necessary to their theory that "uneducated children and undomesticated animals are never unhappy." Neither are we sure that "civilizations go down to ruin in hysterical laughter." We hardly know what to make of the statement that "unhappiness springs solely from the disagreement of the ideal stage," that is, from the desire of fixity. But we are quite sure that they are sane when they speak of men "ruling through the pen rather than the sword," indeed, "that the modern sword is itself a product of the inventive pen," that "civilization based upon servility draws to its last fall," and that "every civilization has fallen hitherto from de-socialization."

"The last word" in religion rises to a fine climax when it describes the church of universal science as the church whose prayer is "communion in service without servility, its cathedral is everywhere, its ritual is unrestriction, its commandments are 'thou shalts,' its priest is conscience, its sociality is open to every being."

"The last word" in government is still more clear in its suggestions and stimulating in its insight, and this conception of the great industrial army, organized in such a way as to develop latent resources and the undeveloped man, a school more needed by the adult than by the child, provokes thought. "The last word" in government ventures to affirm that "patriotism as a passion is as deadly as anarchism." Perhaps there is a truth in the protest against the Red Cross and its humanities, for they say: "If no quarter, torture, pillage and all the rigors of savagery were advocated, there would be few failures in international arbitration agreement." This chapter closes with high appreciation of the Road-town, devised by Edgar S. Chambless, which seeks, not to ruralize the city, but to urbanize the country. These authors know how to turn a graceful sentence and to pack an epigram, such as "every one may acquire the Lincoln brand of beauty in gracious service without servility."

"The last word" in art, according to these dreamers, is that "the theatre is fundamentally the one perfect human institution * * * the next revolutionary 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will make its debut upon the stage."

"The last word" in education is a disturbing one, but re-assuring in its close when it says that "the proper basis of child education is agriculture," and that today the unspoiled conscience of the child is ready to meet the completed science of the adult, in affirming the law of the continuity of conscience, and this is the brightest augury for the swift realization of the gospel of 'The Last Word.'"

This is also the last word in the book, which we lay down with the feeling that this brother and sister have better work in store, that this amateur venture has cleared the way for something that will be less presumptuous in its philosophy, less dogmatic in its assertions.

Now, with this work out of the way, and the deck cleared for action, we will wait for a "word" that is not definitive. There is a large element of agnosticism in true philosophy, the progress of which, as some one has wisely stated, is determined, not by the settling of questions, but by giving them up.

J. LL. J.

In the month of June, when the world is green,
When the dew beads thick on the clover spray,
And the noons are rife with the scent of hay,
When the rose is queen, in Love's demesne,
Then the time is too sweet and too light to stay;
Whatever the sun and the dial say,
This is the shortest day!

—*Edith M. Thomas*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES IN DOCTOR HALE'S PULPIT

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant occupied the pulpit of the South Congregational Church, Boston, Sunday morning, May 21, giving in the place of the regular sermon an address upon American and European Co-operation for World Peace. He paid warm tribute in opening to the memory of Doctor Hale and his great services in the peace cause. He had met and heard Doctor Hale at the New York Peace Congress in 1907, and the simplicity, vigor and prophetic character of his speech there had made a profound impression upon him, which had been deepened, he said, by reading afterwards his speeches at Mohonk. He was specially impressed by Doctor Hale's reverence for the founders of the republic, Franklin, Jefferson, and their associates, and for his constant effort to keep the present generation in America alive to their high principles. He remembered with peculiar pleasure the great meeting of 5,000 school children which he had addressed in Carnegie Hall in connection with the Peace Congress of 1907; and he had had occasion during his present extended lecture trip through the United States in the interest of international good will to observe the remarkable movement in behalf of the peace cause among the young people. It was, as he came to understand, the devotion and broad activities of Doctor Hale and men like him that had inspired the wonderful extent of fine feeling and enthusiasm among the young people. Our future was secure because our inheritance was so noble. He liked to think that the leaders of the revolution in France and of the revolution in America were actuated by the same principles of human freedom and progress, and that America and France would always work heartily together for the peace and order of the world. He rejoiced that President Taft, who was negotiating an unlimited treaty of arbitration with Great Britain, was negotiating a treaty of the same kind with France; and he congratulated the American people that, through the splendid effort of their president, they were at this hour leading the world in the most important movement of our age. He urged all who heard him to untiring effort in support of their president and their best leaders in their high endeavor. Everything depends, at least in democracies, upon right public opinion. The people must push their leaders to right policies; and when their leaders proposed right policies they must worthily support them. It was peculiarly the duty of the churches and of religious men to support these policies of peace. He was constrained to say that the churches, in human history, have not done their duty in this matter. The churches in France certainly had not done theirs. He spoke of the times of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., when the churches were almost constantly upon the side of privilege and power and war. The services in the churches, and often the very names of the churches, showed how wicked and unfitting their course had been in this thing. It was high time for something better; and he rejoiced that among the free churches of America and England we were seeing so much that is better. Yet he had read while in this country of utterances of men high in the church praising war. This was to him shocking; he could think of nothing so contrary to the spirit of Christ and the Christian religion as the defense of the killing of men by ministers in the Christian Church. What the churches need is the spirit of Edward Everett Hale. He was proud and grateful to have been asked to speak in his church; and the experience gave him new inspiration and new consecration in his own work.

BOOKS RECEIVED

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY. 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Priest. 269 pages; price $1.25 net.

The Dilemma of the Modern Christian. By Edward W. Eppens. 181 pages; price $1.20 net.

Man's Tomorrow. By William H. Kingsley. 190 pages; price $1.20 net.

The Evolution of Religion. By William A. Hinckle, M. D. 161 pages; price $.80 net.

Key-Notes of Optimism. By Calvin Weiss Laufer. 152 pages; price $1.00 net.

The Future Citizen. By F. A. Myers. 189 pages; price $1.20 net.

The Beginning of Things in Nature and in Grace. By Joseph K. Wright. 188 pages; price $1.20 net.

Psychic Phenomena. Science and Immortality. By Henry Frank. 556 pages; price $2.25 net.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago, Illinois. The Country Church and the Rural Problem. 153 pages; price $1.08 postpaid.

Y. M. C. A. PRESS, 124 E. 28th St., New York City. Men and Religion, 168 pages.

GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK, Publisher, West LaFayette, Ohio. War—What For? By George R. Kirkpatrick. 350 pages; price $1.20.

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What Does Christmas Really Mean?.... By John T. McCutcheon and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. With colored cartoon cover and frontispiece by Mr. McCutcheon. Boards. Net, postpaid ..... .50

It should go into many a home and many a mother's hand, and many a child's heart this next Christmas season, and leave the lesson with big as well as with small folk.—William C. Gannett, in Unity.

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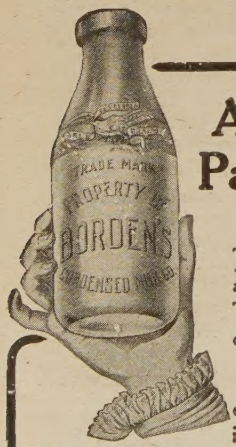

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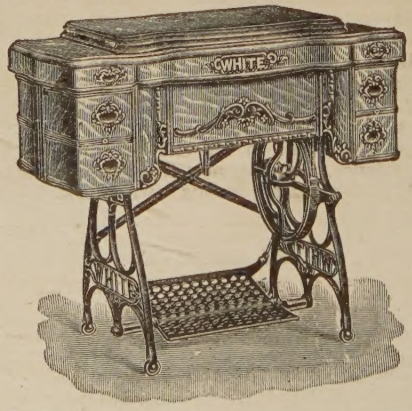

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